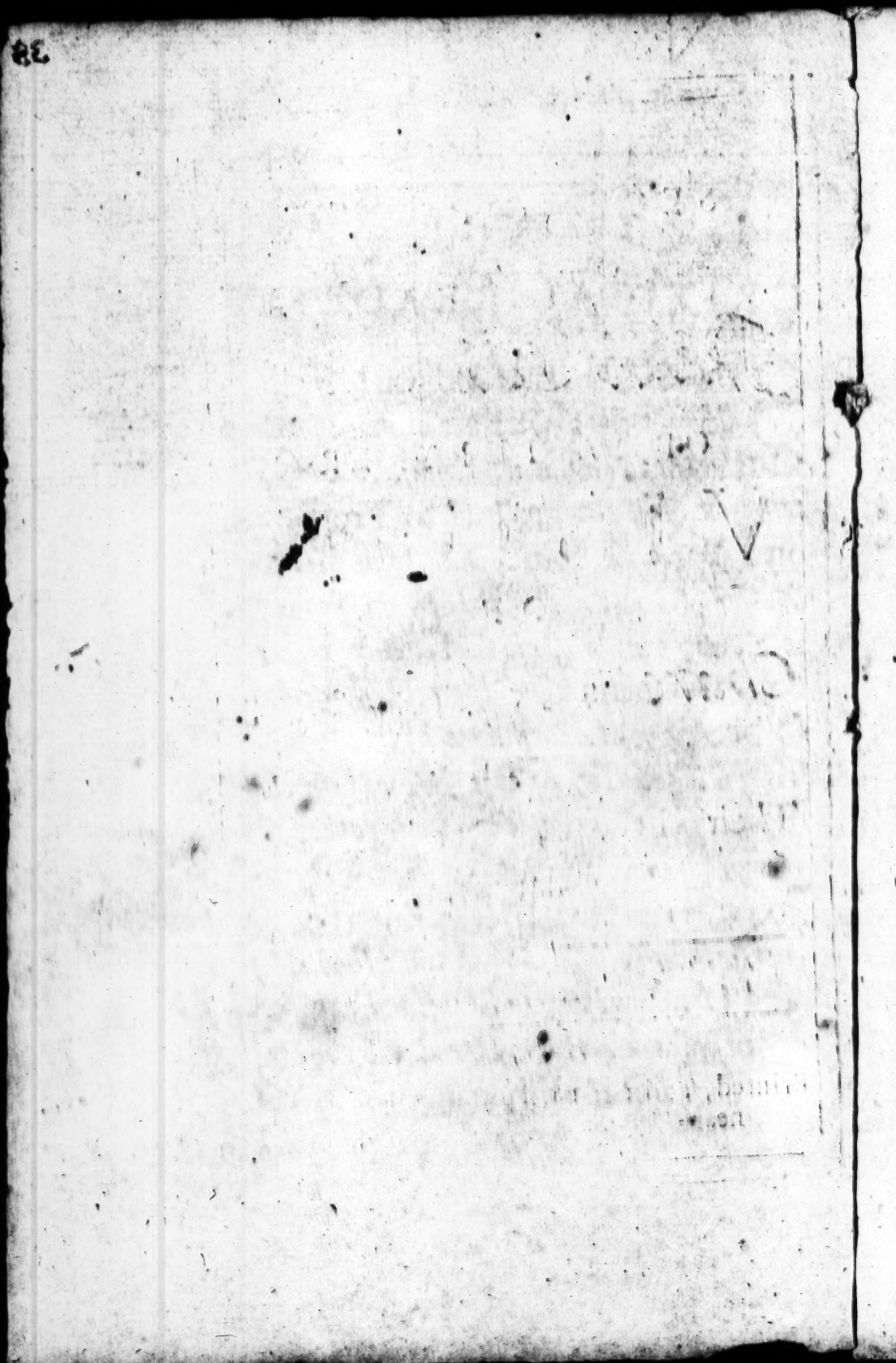


THE
SECOND PART
OF THE
New Quebedo.
OR, A FURTHER
VISION
OF
Charon's Passengers :
WITH
Their Names, Qualities, and
Particular Crimes.

*More Truth the Old Quebedo never spoke,
For New Quebedo Dreams like one Awake.*

LONDON,
Printed, and are to be sold by E. Mallet
near Fleet-Bridge, 1702. Price 1 s.



TO THE
CRITICAL READER.

S Our Sir, a Word with you! 'If you bought the First Part of my *New Quebedo* to rail at it, I must (plainly) tell you, You are very bold to Trespass on a Page of mine; seek some Great Author, whose applauded Name makes you admire his Writings. 'Tis my Title Page you Censure, and not the VISIONS; if you Condemn me by that Rule, 'tis no legal Tryal. But Sweet Sir, is your wise Knowledge so Prophetick grown, that in an Authors Name you can read his Merit; Prithce Momus either resolve to read me Honestly, with a true purpose to be just in Censure, or fairly leave me to my Candid Readers, (for such I meet with, as appears by the

To the Critical Reader.

quick sale of the First Part) and they are chiefly those, whose Friends have been **Lest** by me. If this Second Part is as well received as the First, I shall perfect the **History of Charon's Passengers**, and hope in Five Parts, to Present the Reader with an exact Map of the Devils Court, of Purgatory, and of the Elisian Fields. This Second Part (like to the First) reflects only upon those that without a Miracle we are sure are **Damn'd** But as 'tis a Satyr on particular Persons, 'twill doubtless have the same Courteous Treatment, for ther's no need of going so far as **Scotland** to learn that 'tis easier to **Scratch**, than to remove what **Itches**; or to make a Wound then Cure it: Thus proportionably Satyr has a much larger field than **Panegyrick**, and the ill nature of the World, generally gives more Scope in Dispraise; than in Commendation.

An

To the Critical Reader.

An Author may tell what Lyes he pleases in a Lampoon, and never be call'd to account for't, unless perhaps with a Cudgel now and then, if he pulls particular Persons by the Nose a little too hard; but the design of these VISIONS being to tax Corruption of Manners, in all Sorts and degrees of People I'm bound up (almost) as severely as if I was to write no more then I'd make Affidavit of; not so much as one poor flourish to be allow'd, (for ther's no jesting with mens Reputations) less or more than the Truth, and the whole Truth. With these disadvantages have Mercury and I adventur'd a Second time into Charons Pacquet-Boat; yet it boasts one Excellency sufficient to countervail all Difficulties, that like a good Face, it needs neither Paint nor Ornament; for if it Bites deep, that's the best Encomium to a
Work

To the Critical Reader.

Work of this Nature, and is enough to recommend it.

I shall not, with the witty Criticks of the Age, affirm it is the Corruption of the Times we live in, makes Men more greedily run after Satyr, than any works of Religion and Piety; I have more Charitable thoughts for the Gentlemen of our Age; who' having Clear and enlightned Judgments, can never become culpable of such notorious defects, as to act things out of a Pure Principle of Corruption; 'tis rather Interest, and Ripeness of Wit, that Engages them to read Satyr, as a Preparative to refresh and quicken that Appetite they naturally have to things more Solid, which too much poring on wou'd otherwise Pall. For the Mind of Man is not Indefatigable, nor can it undergo a constant Employment in serious Matters

ters; they too much clog the Brain,
and there must be some **Divertisse-**
ment and Recreation, to recover that
Strength, it lost by too great *Affiduity*
and Labour; else in Time all Gay-
ety of Mind wou'd be Extinct, and
the Soul become utterly Stupid.

Interpone tuis interdum Gaudia curis,
Said a Poet, who doubtless had by
Experience found the convenience of
Jocose Intervals.

But Reader I'll stop here, for what I
bring thee is **News** from the other
world, and I know you are in Pain till
the Pacquet's open'd.

The

...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...

...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...

The ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...

The

THE
SECOND PART,
OF THE
New Quebedo!
OR, A FURTHER
Vision of CHARON'S
PASSENGERS, &c.

N. Quebedo. **R** *Isc. Mercury!*
Rifel. Are not
ye a sham'd to Kennel and Snore in
that *Sotap*, 'till it Smells again of
Drownsels.

Mercury.— Who's there? — Now
Quebedo. Are not you a spiteful thing
to disturb my Rest, when You have
Hail! B taken

taken yours? You are just Crept out of some ~~Private~~ Cell, where you have had no Joking nor Disturbance, and come to perplex me; who am already *Topsy-Turvy* with the swift Motion of my *Erratick Mansion*, which moves at least a Thousand Miles a minute—If I am out in my Computation, tis because I'm ~~farce~~ awake.

N. Quebedo.—When we parted last, we agreed for a further Survey of ~~Hell~~; then arise Prating, and let's away to *Charons-Ferry*.

Halol Charon, Come and take this Fare.
Now methoughts (in my Dream) *Mercury* and I were no sooner in *Charons-Ferry*, but (his Boat being empty) We sail'd invisible as a *Butter-fly* in the Moon; and so very swift, that in about six hours we crost *Acheron*: After an hours sailing, Hey day! (Cries *Mercury*) What's the meaning of this? Yonders *Materiality* flying in the Air: What can be the Supporter?

N. Quebedo.—*Necromancy*, perhaps, or *Sorcery*, or *Witchcraft*; Come, shall

The New Quebedo. 3

shall we put a Stop to't? I'm sure none of the Creation has any business there with *Tubs, Caldrons, &c.*

Mercury.— There's a *Colt*, and a *Calf* too: Perhaps they are the People of the *World in the Moon*, and are going to some Fair.

N. Quebedo.— What! Going to a Fair out of their Globes? No: Come, let's attack 'em; at the worst it can but be the Devil, and we are now going to visit him.

Mercury.— Right:— Let's look big, and speak boldly.— Stand, there: What Commission have ye in these Quarters—you—*Tub-man*? What! Have ye young ones with ye? Ye shan't wag an Ace further, till we know upon what Errand ye are posting.

Witches.— Why, ye *Ethereal Stragglers*: Are we bound to give you an Account?

N. Quebedo.— Ye must do't, or disoblige your *Hags*, to defend your selves.

Witches.— Don't prejudice our *Tubs*, and we'll tell whichever we are Marching.

The New Quevedo.

N. Quevedo.— Say then.

Witches.—Into the *French King's* Cellar for two or three Hours, to treat our faithful Servants there, with every thing that's grateful to their Senses: and (*Fellow Travellers*) if ye will come along with us you'll see such Entertainment as you never saw before.

N. Quevedo.— No, — we'll have no Society with *Witches*; then Lady Hags jog on softly that ye don't Jade your *Couriers* before your Journey's end; or rather make a Bonfire of your *Tubs*, and laugh at the World below, who will view it in their Telescopes for a prodigious Comet.

As soon as these *Witches* were troop'd off, we made more Sail than before, and Landed in *Pluto's* Dominions about Three in the After-noon. Our Entrance into Hell, was with a great deal of State and Majesty: For an infinite number of Devils made a Guard on both sides the Way to Receive us, and Saluted us with so much Civility as we passed along, that I began to think my self a second Pope, going in Procession to Monte Cavallo

The New Quebedo.

5

Cavallo. I had scarce gone Ten Yards in Hell, but I saw coming towards me, a *Creature Exquisitely Handsome, both for Face and Person, Tall, delicately shap'd, and set off with great advantages of Dress;* she was made up, in fine, of Charms; and was a meer Chaos of needless Manufactures jumbled into the perfect figure of a Woman: I observ'd she had no small Authority amongst the *Actors of Plays and men of Quality*, which made me enquire after her Name: My name (said she) is *A. B-hn*; but had my Verse been as Serious as 'twas Obscen, I had never come to this *Damn'd Place*; yet I own, (continued this She-Wit) that the greatest part of those *Flaming Beans* that you see in Hell, are of my sending; and when their Tormenters are out of the way, I serve only to aggravate and embitter their Misfortunes, for every Time they behold me, it put's 'em in mind of those *Inventions, and Artifices* I us'd to decoy'em, and I believe had I liv'd but a little longer Time, my *Plays and Beauty* had *Damn'd* half the *Beans*.

Ah

6 **The New Quebedo.**

Ah (quoth she) I wou'd to God
the first Inventer of Rhimes and Poetry
were in my Place.

Oh! This damn'd Trade of Versifying.

So soon as she had done, I told her I was
come from *London* to— from *London*
(said she,) pray what news from Court?
In what array did the Lady's appear
last Ball? I am told my *Commode*
is a Tire too low, and not as they
adjust it at the French Court. Mad-
dam, said I, why do you complain of
your *Plays* and your *Beauty*, when
it appears (by your questions) that
Wit has been your *Damnation*,
and is become so natural to you,
that you appear (even in Hell it
felt,) *A Moving Pyramid of Gayeties*
a Walking Toyshop, a speaking Galliman-
fry of Ribbons, Laces, Silks and Jewels;
and are still that amorous vain
prating Figure you were when you
lay every Night with My Lord W—

Whil'st I was thus expostulating
the case with *B-m*. I heard a sud-
den noise rais'd behind me; at which,
looking that way I saw *Ben. Johnson*
standing in a corner ready to break
his

his twatling-strings, he was so big with laughter, 'Tis a fine time of day, said he, with Women, when fire can't burn their Pride, nor the Devil master it; no (said the Devil we took for our Guide) nor never will; for I'm sure B-hn. has spent five hours this Morning in Rigging and Carreening her self for publick appearance; And I dare be bold to say, you may as soon reckon up the numerous Tackle of a Ship, as give the true Nomenclature of all the gaudy Whim-Whams she wears about her. You can scarce believe (continu'd our Guide) what pains this little She-Lucifer took to day, to mend the supposed Bortchery of Nature in her Face; how she hunted after imaginary Faults in her Cheeks, to find Occasion for Black Patches; how she plac'd and displac'd 'em a hundred times over, pursuing the least Spot and Freckle in her Skin to a thousand Dilemma's with Wash, Paint, and Patch, 'till tir'd with the tedious Discipline of her Toilet, she sail'd forth of her Quarters, like a new hench'd Vessel with Bendants and Streamers flying, and all her Female Tackle

8 **The New Quebedo.**

Tackle in order from the Top and Top-gallant to the *Humble Keel*, do but regard her Rigging above Deck, and you'd swear she carries *Bow Steeple upon her head*, or the Famous Tower of *Severus in Rome*, which was built with *seven Ranks* of Pillars one above another. Such a lofty *Gradation of Top knots*, if it proceeds, will befriend the Carpenters and Bricklayers, for your Gentry and Tradesmen in time will be forc'd to pull down their *low pitch'd Houses*, and take the *height of the Stories in the next Structure* from the elevated Pageant of Trinkets on their Wives and Daughters Heads, least these fine Trappings should be *Kidnap'd* from their empty Noddles by an unmannerly brush of the *Sawey Gielings*. 'Twou'd make a Dog split his Halter, to hear the learned Cant between the *Mistress* and the *Maid*, (alias waiting Devil) when about the Important Affair of adjusting her Ladyships *Array* in a Morning; you'd swear they were *Conjuring*, they sputter out such a confus'd Jargon of hard Words,

'The New Quebedo.

9

Words, such a *Hotch Potch* of Mongrel Gibberish: Bring me my *Palisade* there, quoth Madam: You'd think she were going to Encamp. Will it not be convenient to attack your *Flandan* first, says the Waiter? More Anger yet? still Military Terms? Let me see, says Madam where's my *Cornet*? Pray carine this Favourite: So, so, good Words; now there's some hopes of Peace, till the blustering *Frital* and *Burgoigon* are cal'd for, and then the old Caterwawling begins again.

There's a Clack of *Settees*, *Passes*, *Monte-la bants*, *Crotches*; and other Trinkums, wou'd make a Man suspect they were raising the Devil: At last comes the *Sur-ls-font*, and then *B-hn* is compleatly harness'd.

Here her Accuser made a Digression, at the sight of a Troop of Females that were walking by.

These, said he, belong to the Inferiour Class of Top knots, they are but **one story** high yet. Do but follow 'em and you'll discover by the working of their Heads and Tongues, that another is a *Brooding*.

We took his Counsel, and keeping at
C some

some distance, observ'd their Discourse.

My very Soul was full of Anguish to see so many pretty Women in Hell, but they still continued to *vindicate* their *Pride* and *Vanity*. (The Humour sticks close sure, or the Fire would have fetch'd it out): I wonder said one of these **Top-knot Sinners**, why the Men should make such a noise about the Innocent Arts we use to win their Affections. They pretend to love us, and yet confine us to a *Dress* wou'd make 'em hate us. Whatsoever is not so Gay and Polite in the World, is despis'd and trampled on: We had reason to hold up our Heads, and to *deck our selves* with all the Ornaments that might create Respect in that *Wild Race*. Why should not an English *Commode* be as allowable as the *Persian Tiara*, or the *Roman Septizonium* were of old? Away with this *Servile Restraint*: We did well to appear like Amazons and defie the Devils and I still resolve to be in the Mode, tho it should put

The New Quebedo. 11

put me to the charge of a Negro Devil to support the *Monumental Umbrella* on my Head

Just as I was going to answer this Female Impertinence, all their **Capital Sin Cracks** were caught off from their heads by two unmannerly Devils, (their constant Tormentors.) So we left *B-hn*, and her Haughty Sisters raving like so many *Furies*. From hence, we pass'd to another place much larger, and *Compass'd with Walls of fire* so high, that I thought it impossible to enter. As soon as we were got into it we found it to be *the Round-House of the Damn'd*, for we found no body in it but Scolds: It had a *Strong Guard of Devils* about it, and all the *Avenues* so Stop'd and fortified, that scarce an open cranny was to be discovered, yet all would not serve, but that the *noise and Clamour* resounded throughout the whole concave of *Hell*; and no Hall, though never so remote, but was tormented with the dreadful clack of these Peoples tongues, and counted it the very greatest of all the torments they endured.

C 2

Nay

Nay indeed the very Devils themselves were terrified at it; for when I made a motion of seeing these *Pendhesilea's* that made all this rout and noise, our Guide started, and cried out, *Hast thou then, Quebedo,* (Said he) *so much Courage to venture thy self amongst these Virago's, whom the Devils themselves tremble at? It being a Question left yet undecided by all the Philosophy of Hell, whether they torment us more, or no them?* But I thought I might venture the *Fire of their tongues*, and so I told him; He at length unwilling to have me go away dissatisfied, consented to comply with my Curiosity: And having first caused a very small Gate, but strongly bar'd, to be open'd, and after that a second, he brought us to an *Iron Portcullis* (for farther he durst not go himself) through which we might see with convenience, this *Billingsgate* Rabble: No sooner had we clapt our Faces to the *Portcullis* to look in upon them, but the whole Rout got as thick as they could stand about it, and sputtering at us like Cats: Out
you

The New Quebedo.

13

you damn'd Tatterdemalion Rogues (cries one) d'ee come here to brave us? You Son of a splay-footed Bitch (cries another) d'ee think to make a scorn and a jeer of your Betters? I'de have you to know, you Rogue, that my Father was as honest a Tubman as ever was in Hell, and came in his time to be Sexton of his Parish; and d'ee think I'll be fleer'd at by such a Pinch-gut Rogue as thou art? Away, away, you mangy Raskals, (cries a third) Your Mother was a Hopper-ars'd Bitch, you Raskal (cries the fourth.) You're the Son of a Life-Guard-Man, says the fifth. In short all their Clappers went, and made such a horrid noise and din, and uttered such extravagant and uncouth Curses and Reproaches, that I now began to wish my self in any part of Hell but this: Which our Guide perceiving, we were just upon returning out, when Moll Q-ries a tall rampant Jade, with fire in her A-se, and thunder in her Tongue, made her way into the throng, swaggering at one of her Old Cullies that had Pox'd two of her Pylers; roaring out louder-

der than forty peals of Ordnance.

The Scolds in the Round-
House, perceiving this, cry'd out,
Rejoyce, you damn'd Whores, rejoyce,
we will now domineer over all the
Devils in Hell: For Moll Q--ries
her self is coming to be our Leader.

What Moll? (quoth several to
her at once.) Why, you bald = Bitch-
es, quoth she, do you not know Moll Q-
ries that swiveling wither-fac'd Harlot in
Holbourn, whose Clapper is hung so by
Geometry, that it sounds in her very
sleep? Do but see how the very na-
ming her makes those cowardly dast-
ardly Devils sneak away. And it
was very true, that no sooner did
the Devils hear the name of Moll,
but they turned as pale as the fire
of Hell would let them, and made
what haste they could out, withal
dispatching away a Messenger with
advice to Lucifer, to send imme-
diately ten Legions of Devils to
secure the avenues, lest in this ex-
cess of joy, for having such a Lea-
der as Moll Q-ries, they should at-
tempt an Insurrection in his Empire.

And

And certainly the Devils had reason to be thus afraid, for there's no storm worser than that of a womans tongue, and the best defence against it, is the getting out of the reach of it: But methinks the Companions of Satan should have either Policy or Power enough to stop these Vixens mouths, but it can't be effected; they use all the Arts and Engines imaginable; there are Cucking-stools, Gags, Spurs, and Helmets, and what not? yet all to little Purpose. But Quirles being such a Famous Procureess, as is to be known to most of the Cullie's in London: I'll leave her with this Character, She's a **first Rate Band**, but if you take her to Peices you'll find her little else than Paint and Plaister. — To begin with her Head: She is beholden to the Pencil for her Eye-Brows, and Complexion. And upon the whole matter, she is but an Old Picture refresh'd. But the Wonder is, to see a Picture with Life, and Motion; unless perchance she has got the Conjurers; Receipt, that made himself

Young

Young again in his Glass-Bottle.
 For all that you see of her that's Good,
 comes from Distil'd Waters, Essences,
 Powders, and the like; and to see the
 Washing of her Face wou'd fright the
 Devil. And now ye Cullies of Lon-
 don, What do you think of your a-
 dor'd Moll, or have your Eyes betray'd
 ye? Well, well; confess your Error
 and mend it: And know that (with-
 out more Descant upon your rotten Procu-
 resses) 'tis the study of most of the Sex to
 lead Silly Men Captives. I could recom-
 mend you here to other Remedies against
 Whoring, inseparable from the Fair Sex;
 but what I have said already, I hope, will
 be sufficient.

We pass'd from the Scolds to
 another Room, much larger, and com-
 pass'd with Walls of Fire; in this
 Place was a great many Dutch Wo-
 men set upon Stoves, until they were
 so smoak't, that a Jew would not
 touch 'em for fear of Westphalia-
 Hams. I left this place (which was
 somewhat too hot for me) for one much
 more Delightful, wherein were se-
 veral rows of Trees set in Quincuncial
 order

order, which made very pleasant Walks, and in one thing it was extraordinary, and cut out all the Walks, in the World; for instead of Singing Birds, the Boughs were loaden with whole Flocks of Cupids, who sung a thousand times better than Syrens, or Eunuchs, and made the Air as pleasing to the Ear, as it was with the richest Perfumes to the Nostrills.

This is (cries *Mercury*) the most doleful place of all Hell for yonder Oxonian is tormented beyond any thing you can expect; *Cupid* and *Death* both together shot their Arrows; and his very imagination is wounded with the Indelible Idea of his Charming Lalage; for whose Body *He hath prayed more earnestly, then he ever did for her Soul*: See how suddenly he is upon his knees, invoking his tutelar Angel, to be kind to him. *Cr—ch* seeing of *Mercury*, thought it had been his Mistress, and thus Salutes him.

Cr—ch — Oh! The Charms of the Petticoat! — Methinks, Dear Saint, I'm already got within the Influence
D of

of that Command, *Increase and Multiply.*

How? Doctor said *Mercury*, is this your way of *Wcoing*? where's your *Billet-Deuxes*, your Vows and Dying?

Cr--ch— Hold, no more of that Non-sensical Cant; 'tis all but an honest way of *Fornication* at a distance.

Mercury — Fye, fye, is this your *Doctrinal* part of *Courtship*: The World would think this a strange Name for their *Tendernesses*.

Cr--ch. — Let 'em think as they please; but if I love a Woman, 'tis no more in other terms, than I would sleep with her; so that squeezing Hands grasping Knees, kissing, hugging, &c. are Infant-Offers on both sides at something else; 'tis the extremity of these Desires that sheds the Blood of Rivals, prompts to *Suicide*, and made me hang my self in a Garret for *Lalage*, when her Relations all the while believ'd it to be pure *Love*, *Innocent Gratitude* harmless *Esteem*, & fin'd *Friendship*.

Not considering that true *Friendship* increases by the multitude of *Rivals*, (*Rivals!* which were my Ruine.)
and

and that no Man was ever angry with his Neighbour for loving his Wives Soul; you'll find no *Jills* nor *Bullies* in Hell, for Love, no *Affronts* taken at the *Encomiums* of a Womans Mind, no desperation for want of an Union of Souls.

I was troubled to hear a *Man of his Coat*, to talk at this loose rate, but 'twas his way of talking in *Oxford* and it cou'd not be thought that Hell should refine *His Morals*.

However I was very desirous to view him again (*because they say that People in Love are very devout*). But he vanish't in a Flame of Fire, and left us to pursue our Search,

When we went from *Cr——ch*, we pass'd by the *Bedlam* of the *Usurers*, for they are accounted a kind of *Mad People*, who oppress others and pinch themselves, only to Hoard up that Gold, they have not the Heart to enjoy (like a Dog in a Wheel, they only toyl to roast Meat for others eating.)

We thought this *Bedlam* of the *Usurers* was no Place to stay in, there was such a fulsome stink, and so

we struck off upon the *Left Hand*, where we saw an Antient Man tearing his Hair, and beating his Breast, with bitter sighs, and cries and on his Forehead was Writ.

*This is Father Sparges
That dy'd to save Charges.*

This is the Man (said our Guide,) that *Damn'd himself to Enrich his Children*, Fool that I am, Cry'd *Sparges!* the greatest Penitent that ever liv'd never suffer'd the Mortification I have endur'd; I have scarce had a Shooe to my Foot, and fasted three times a Week, and all this to get Money for my Son *Thomas*, and my Daughter *Peg*, starving my self in the conclusion, rather then I wou'd lessen the Riches I had got for them. And yet notwithstanding this my Fatherly care, I was scarce sooner dead, than forgotten, and my two Children buryed me without a *Tear*; and indeed without so much as paying of *Legacies*, or *Praying* for my Soul; as if they had already receiv'd

receiv'd certain Intelligence of my *Damnation*. And to aggravate my Sorrows, my Son *Tom* is now consuming that *Estate* in *Whoring* and *Drunkennes*, which I had been scraping together for many Years, and for which I suffer at this Instant the flames of *Hell*. This should have been thought on before (cry'd *Mercury*,) for sure you have heard of the Old saying, *Happy is the Child whose Father goes to the Devil*. At which word *Father Sparges*, brake out into such a *Rage*, I was no longer able to endure the Sight.

Having left *Father Sparges*, we had not gone very far, but we found our selves in a place which we took to be the *Arsenal of Hell*, because multitudes of Devils wrought here continually, to Invent and frame new Instruments to chastize and punish the Souls of them that were within; whom they plagued and tormented with so much spleen, and so little sence of play, that it was enough to strike terror into half the World.

At first I thought this might be
the

the Hell of *Judas*, and those that crucified *Christ*; not imagining any others cou'd possibly deserve such severe Torments. But having ask't one of the Devils that wrought upon one of those Machines of Torment, he fell a mocking and flouting at me: What dost tell me of *Judas*, said he; these here are *Physicians*, *Apothecaries*, *Surgeons*, *Poysoners*, *Murderers* *Hang-men*, and such like sort of people; again'st whom we are bound to use our utmost Art, Industry and Malice, *to revenge the just wrongs they have done us*. What wrongs? said I, methinks you rather owe an Obligation to those sort of People, since they imploy both their labour, and cunning to unpeople the World, that they may people Hell. This is fine indeed, said he, *that Quevedo should come hither to give Lessons to the Devil, and teach him his Trade*. We are not angry that these Slaughter-men of the World imploy their time to destroy men; but we're mightily griev'd they should destroy them before their time;

time; for'tis most certain, that *Physitians* with their *Receipts*, *Apothecaries* with their *Drugs*, *Surgeons* with their *Blood-letting* *Poysoners* with their *Venom*, *Murderers* with their *Treasons*, and *Hang-Men* with their *Ropes* and *Hatchets*, destroy more in one day than we know how to tempt in a whole year. You would think it hard to believe that **Dr. Saffold**, who stands yonder *Cursing*, and *Raving* at his **Read, Cry, Judge**, was more able to kill a Body then fifty Devils to gain a Soul. But the sum of the matter is, we would have Men live longer, that the number of their sins may be increased, and so the quality of their Torments they are to suffer in Hell be proportioned; but we must be subject to the Wills of *Physitians* and *Apothecaries*, &c. who have got such a knack of killing people, they won't spare Children in their very Cradles.

Being now in the *Physitians Quarters*, I enquir'd for **Dr. M—ton** for (*M—ton* being a **Physitian** and a **Turn-coat**, too) I did not doubt but to

to find him in Hell; and there come came up to me *A Tall Chuff*, with a *sower look*, in a *Velvet Coat* fac'd with *Taffata*, with a *Brazile Staff* in his hand; when I saw it was *M—ton* well? Dr. (said I,) what think you now of your *Leaving the Gospel to study Hippocrates*: I own (said *M—ton*), I leap't from the Pulpit scarce worth a groat, and got an Estate in a few years. But *Oh! that I had been a Tinker rather than a Physitian*: However that I may warn others, *least they also come into this place of Torment*; I shall now confess (Ay, said a Devil that over heard him, and you're justly *Damn'd* for't,) that the *whole Practice of Physick*, is built upon no other Foundation than *Fallacious Experiments*, and the slender Credulity of the Diseased; there is generally more danger in the *Physitian and Physick*, then in the Disease; hence it is, that generally *Men seek for help from Death, he being the best Physitian*. To say the truth (continued the Dr. *We*) *Physitians* are the most quarelsome, envious,

vious, Lying Persons in the world, for so we quarrel one among another, that there is not a **Physitian** to be found, who shall approve one Remedy prescrib'd by another, without *Exception, Addition, or Alteration*, whence it is become a Proverb, *The Envy and Discord of Physitians*: For what one approves, the other laughs at; and when there are innumerable things, which singly, might be advantageous, the **Physitian** only jumbles those together which Chance and Fortune offer to his memory. So that the whole *Practice of Physick* is only a Piece of **Fortune-Telling**, and to be Exploded and censured, (for you see I am damn'd for't,) as an *Act of Murther and Witchcraft*. As I was talking to *M—son*: Look! said the Devil our Guide: Yonder stands P — T the Apothecary, who is damn'd for those Medicines by which his Patients try'd to be Sav'd; and rather (continued the Devil) then his *Surviving Brethren* will want Patients, they'l blame
E Nature

Nature for framing all they converse with, that they may form 'em anew by Art. Your *Right London Apothecary* out of a little puddle water, a Bundle of rotten sticks, a Box of Caterpillars, nay out of Toads, Snakes, and a T—D it self will fetch you Gold ready Minted 'Tis true the *Title of their Box's* contain Remedies; but the Boxes themselves Poyson, for when they themselves will be at no loss, they compel their Patients to purchase their Deaths, at great prices, while they causing them to take *one thing for another*, or mixing some old rotten Drugs whose vertues are quite lost, they many times give 'em a *Deadly Drink* instead of a Restorative Potion: I might also mention (*Continued the Devil, who had tempted 'em to all this,*) their prodigious Compositions, their Mixtures of many External Simples, which while they jumble together, thinking to make one Medicament agreeing with all Constitutions, they effect nothing; and which further shews *their little respect*

spect to the Bodies of Men; often use Humane Fat, and Flesh of men Embalmed in Spices which they call Mummy. Ye call 'em Apothecaries, (continued the same Devil,) but instead of that, pray call 'em Murderers, and their Shops Slaughter-Houses: For are not their Purges, and Vomits, as certain Death as Sword and Pistol, and a Practising Apothecary as dangerous a thing as a dose of Poyson. One of M—tons Patients hearing me rail at him, thinking to aggravate the matter, stept out of a Bed of Flames, and wringing his hands, spake as follows, 'Let my Wife dye of the Pip, or 'the Mother; (not a halfpenny matter which) but let her first live 'long enough to blast M—tons Fame 'and seize his Estate, for Poysoning 'her poor Husband. To speak sincerely, I can never forgive that Dog- 'Leech. Was it not enough to 'make me Sick, when I was well, 'without making me Dead when I 'was Sick? And not to rest there 'neither, but to persecute me in my

'Grave too. But to say the truth,
 this is only *Neighbour's* fare; for all
 'those fools that trust in them, are
 'serv'd with the same sawce. A
 'Vomit, or a Purge is as good a
 'Pass-port into the other World, as a
 'man would wish. And then when
 'our Heads are laid, 'tis never to
 'be endured, the Scandals they cast
 'upon our Bodies, and Memories!
 'Heaven rest his Soul (cries one) He
 'kill'd himself with a Debauch. How
 'is't possible (says another) to cure a
 'man that keeps no Diet? He was a
 'Mad-man; (cries a Third) a meer
 'Sot, and would not be govern'd by his
 'Physitian. His Body was as Rotten
 'as a Pear: he had as many Diseases
 'as a Horse; And it was not in
 'the Power of Man to save him. And
 'truly 'twas well that his hour was
 'come, for he had better a great deal
 'dye well, then live as he did. Thieves
 'and Murtherers that ye are; Ton
 'your selves are that hour ye talk of.
 'The Physitian is only Death in a
 'Disguise, and brings his Patients
 'hour along with him. Cruel People! Is
 it

'it not enough to take away a man's
'life ; and like *Common Hang-men* to
'be paid for't when ye have done :
'But you must blast the *Honour* too,
'of those you have dispatch't, to ex-
'cuse your *Ignorance*.

Then again there's your *Sur-
geons*, their operation is manifest,
and their Remedies certain, they
say they can cure all External Disea-
ses of the Body, (but continued
our Guide) the Damnation of these
is as just as of the *Doctors and
Pothecaries*, for was not *Archagatus*
(who is yonder roaring in Hell,)
the first Surgeon that ever was, Pub-
lickly named the *Wound-maker*, and af-
terward the Name was changed into
Hangman or Executioner ? At length
they despised the whole Art and
forbid it. *Chyrurgery* therefore, is no
less famous for Faction, among
great Authors, and the Authority of
Great Men, than Infamous for it's great
Cruelty and Nastiness of it's Practi-
tioners. But as little conscience as
there is among'st the *Doctors and
Surgeons*, &c. Yet said the De-
vil

vil (our Guide) there be some of 'em we could never Temp't to a base thing: I was very desirous to know their Names, (for I was amaz'd to hear of Pious men among'st Doctors, and Surgeons,) and he told me they were Dr. T—lis Dr. Sl—ve Dr. Gib—n Dr. Ham—ton Dr. R—lfe Mr. Cr—w Mr. Chap—n Mr. Fos—r Mr. Stan—n and Mr. W—ly. Consider then, (continued the Devil, who made these Discoverie's.) Whether we have not reason to envy the fortune of these Slaughterers of Mankind, we are all Destined to the same Function; the Devils to destroy the Souls, and Physicians, Apothecaries, and Surgeons, the Bodies; and we who kill the Soul, which is the noblest part of man, get nothing for our pains, (which wou'd make a Saint mad, much more a Devil;) whilst these destroyers are paid what they please for killing the Body.

Passing from hence, we espied a very spacious *Tabatch*, of so vast an extent, that the eye of man

The New Duebedo.

31

man was scarce able to fathome it: It was encompassed with a mighty Wall; and within were *several Halls*, which seemed as if they had been on purpose built for places of Judicature: and the continual bawling, noise, and clamour that we heard in them, confirmed me in an opinion that it was *the great Tribunal of Hell*, and the place where *Lucifer* kept his Courts, and that which further confirm'd me in this opinion was, I perceived the ~~Book~~ where with, they wrote was the *Blood of Conjurers*: They had no ~~Paper~~ but all things are engrossed in *Parchment*, and that Parchment was made of *Scriveners Skins* flayed off, after they had been punished for *Forgery*: their ~~Statutes~~ were the *Souls of Usurers*: their ~~Penns~~, the *Bones of unconscionable Brokers*, and hard hearted Creditors, that have made Dice of other mens Bones, or else of perjured Executors and blind Overseers, that have eaten up Widdows and Orphans to the bare bones; and those

those Penns are made on purpose without *Stubs*, because they may cast Ink but slowly, in mockery of those, who in their life time were slow in yielding drops of pity.

'Twas here, *Harlots* had *Processes* sued upon them, and were Condemned to *Howling*, to *Rotteneffs*, and *Heaven to Stench*. No *Acts* of (a) Parliament that have passed the Upper-house cou'd be broken, but here the breach was punished, and that severely, and suddenly: For here they stood upon no *Demurres*, no *Audita Querela*, cou'd here be gotten, no *Writs of Errors* to reverse *Judgment*: here was no flying to a *Court of Chancery* for Relief, yet every one that came hither was serv'd with a *Subpœna*: yet they deal altogether in this Place upon the *Habeas Corpus*, upon the *Capias*, upon the *Ne exeat Regnum*, upon *Rebellion*, upon heavy *Fines* (but no *Recoveries*,) upon *Writs of Outlawry*, to attach the body for ever, and last of all upon *Executions* after *Judgment*, which being served upon a man is his everlasting

lasting undoing. Such were the customes and Proceedings in that Spacious Fa-
 brick; and therefore as I said before,
 I could not but think it to be the
 Great Tribunal of Hell, and yet
 to be more certain I asked the Devil, our
 Guide; who very courteously infor-
 med me, that I was only mistaken
 in guessing it *Lucifer's Courts* of
 Justice; and that I was much de-
 ceived in grounding my conceit it
 might be so, upon the continual
 brawling and scolding I heard there:
 For that *Processes in Hell* were made
 without any noise or clamour at
 all, for they judging there, of
 nothing but matter of fact,
 of which mens Consciences were
 as a thousand tacit Witnesses a-
 gainst them, they needed no *Pleas*,
Writs of Errors or *Demurrer in the*
Case. I was very desirous to go
 and see them nearer; and if it were
 possible, get in: But we were no
 sooner entered the Wall, but we
 were accosted by five Gentlemen in
Ithreadbare Cloaks, and Greasie Hats;
 My Guide told me they were E-
 F vidence

vidence H — rd Ger — ld the Irish Man, Good — gh, Lee, and Burton, that Monster, that Swore against Mrs. Gaunt: These all, or most of them, had their Ears pared to their very heads, and their tongues swoln, with red hot Irons that had been thrust through them; and yet (their Drudgery of Swearing being not yet over) they could not forbear following their old Trade: for coming to me one by one, and filly pulling me by the Cloak; Sir, says he, let me but see your Deeds, I can testifie as much of the truth of them as any man living; or shew me the Man you'd hang, and I will find two or three, (who never saw him) shall **Swear** him out of his life. I presently knew these to be a sort of Rakehells, called *Knights of the Post*; and having no Employment for them, I passed forward into one of the greatest Halls where there was a great many Seats of Justice, and many crowds of Lawyers, Attorneys, and other such Caterpillars, stretching their Throats not with Law-

Law Cales, but with the most hideous cries, and doleful Lamentations that ever were heard.

Methoughts in my Dream, the Corrupt Judges, (who were *Tressilian; Belknap, and Sc—gs,*) were mounted upon Seats of red-hot, Iron, and in **flaming Robes**, their Caps and Coifs full of burning Oyl; and on each side of them stood *two Devils*, who grasping each one of their hands, strove to thrust hot pieces of Gold into them; which they greedily snatch'd at, but the fierce heat of the Metal was such, that it *made way through their fists*, and put them to miserable torment; yet they cried not out at it, but made strange and *hideous Grimaces*, and nodded as if they had been asleep; and no sooner was *one Bribe gone*, but they reach'd out their hands for another.

I thought this a Punishment very proportionable to the Corruptions they had practis'd upon Earth; and that as they us'd there to sell Justice for Bribes, so they should

now be Tantaliz'd, and forced to receive Bribes, which they could not hold.—Thus were punished the Corrupt Judges, and the Punishments of the Lawyers were various, according to their several Functions: the *Counsellors and Advocates*, who were *Saw—r Han—n*, *Or—ber* kept a horrid roaring for something to cool their tongues, and made great intercession to the Devils to procure it, they were from time to time promised fine cooling Julips; but in the end were forced to swallow down whole pots full of *Flaming Brimstone*, and this was done, in recompence of their having so often told their Clients that they had a fair Cause, egging them on, only to get more Fees, when they knew their business of it self would ruine them, and leave them to rot in a Goal.

Nay they'd perswade to a *Law-suit*, if a Hen did but scrape in a Neighbours Orchard. These three Lawyers (said a Devil that knew 'em of old,) are troubled with the heat
of

of the Liver, which makes the palms of their hands so hot, that they cannot be cool'd, unless they be rub'd with the Oyl of Angels: But the poor man that gives but his bare Fee, or perhaps pleads in *Forma Pauperis*, hunteth for Hares with a Taber, and gropeth in the dark to find a Needle in a Bottle of Hay: Tush (said the same Devil) these Lawyers have such dilatorie and foreign Pleas, such Dormers, such Quibs and Quidities, that beggering their Clients, they purchase to themselves whole Lordships: And yet they think much to be damn'd after all their Riches. I told our Guide, I was sorry to hear such things of the Gentlemen of the Long Robe. To which he replied, My Brother Devil does not inveigh against Law, nor honest Lawyers, (for there be some well qualified) but against extorting Amboc'exters that wing the Poor.

The Attornies and Proctors; (who were Bruer-n, Ger-ny, P-nce, were in whole shoals set in Pillories, for forging Writs, Wills, Deeds

Deeds, and conveyances; and it was once upon debate, to engage *them and the Taylors in a War together*, being so equally armed; for *their Bills were much of a length.*

The Sollicitors, (who were Mil—t B—son D—cer being a kind of troublesome intermeddling fellows, were kickt from one Company to another, and got a share in every ones torment.—The Apparitors, and Serjeants who were F—sher P—ble Fer—n and other such Cattle, were some of them shaved with Urine and Ordure; others thrown down into *houses of Ease-ment*; others pumpt with scalding water, but of so abominable a scent, that I was scarce able to endure it: and it was a wonder to see how spiteful even the Lawyers were to these Fellows, though they could not tell how to be without them. I no sooner perceivd Fer—n (he being the Serjeant that arrested me for a Debt was none of my own,) but I protested if he step'd one foot toward me, I would make him eat

eat a piece of my Rapier; But what is the reason, said *Mercury*, there is such mortal hatred betwixt you and *Fev—n*, O *Mercury*, said I? do but search him, and I warrant you the Knave hath *Precept upon Precept to Arrest me*. Oh! this Reprobate is the Usurers executioner to bring Honest men to *Limbo*, you see him a fat Knave with a red Face: let but a *Cormorant* (alias Usurer) give him a Fee to Arrest a Gentleman and he will be as eager to catch him, as a Dog to take a Bear by the Ears and when he hath laid hold upon him, he useth him as courteously as a Butchers Curr would do an Ox Check when he is hungry: If he see the Gentleman hath money in his purse, then straight with Cap and Knee he carries him to the Spunging-house, and bids him send for some of his Friends to Bail him: But first he covenants to have some Angels for his Pains, and besides he calls in for Wine as greedily as if the Knaves Mother had been *Brought* against a Hogshead when he

was begotten: but suppose the Gentleman wants Pence, he will either have a pawn or else drag him to the Counter without respect to manhood or honesty. But I should tire you *Mercury* to display all his villanies: therefore briefly let this suffice, his tall Carcass was fram'd by the Devil, of the rotten Carrion of a Wolf, and his Soul of a Usurers damned Ghost, turn'd out of Hell, into his Body; neither did I let him come nearer me than the length of my Rapier would suffer him. But I told *Mercury* I could not be easie till *Few* was Bound and Shackled: So I rip't the wink to a *Serjeant Devil* who rap't him up in Flames, and haul'd him away (just as he was wont to haul Moneyless Debtors, to the Poultry Counter) into a place all on fire, round about which was Devils in the form of Satyrs, One of them put flaming Spurs upon his heels; another blew into his Ears the hissing of Serpents; one perfum'd him with Brimstone and *Assa-fatida*; another gave him *Venom* and *Poyson*

son to eat; and every one of them in some manner or other, torment-ed *Fev—n*. I thought this was a just reward for his former Cruelties; But seeing him thus *Be-Devil'd*. I could not forbear but pity his Case. But that which affected me most of all was, to see about *half a dozen* of Devils, who had got one single fellow up in a corner, and were tossing him in a Blanket, and kicking, pinching, and spurning, him in an extraordinary manner, and much different from all the rest.

I ran to look on nearer hand, and had the curiosity to enquire why they used him more desperately than all the rest:

To which one of the Devils very readily repli'd, You must know, Friend, that this was one of the most sottish Raskals living, begot between a Jew and a Dutch *Vrouw-ken*; who has only crept in amongst the Lawyers by meer chance, and got to be an *out-lier* to the *Innes of Court*, only to pick up so much Law, as might set his Kindred and Relations together by the

G

Ears,

Ears; and therefore we are only giving him a little chastisement, and then turning him out to follow his old Trade of Swearing and Lying, which will procure him so many beatings, that the Devils need not be put to any further trouble to torment him. I thereupon looked more attentively upon him, and by a cast of his eye, soon knew him to be (Jack—Rye) of Fetter-Lane, the same man they had describ'd; the Devils plying their work, gave him two or three swinging tosses, which made him so loose in the hilts, that he cast forth such a stink, I was no longer able to endure it. Leaving Rye in this **Shitten Pickle**, we went next to the foot of a Hill like that of *Vesuvius* in the Kingdom of *Naples*; our feet were parched with the hot scalding Sands, and therefore we made haste to the top of it, which gave us a prospect of most of the Regions of Hell; we could see at a distance, and in dusky Vallies, some Cities built like those in *Africa*

‘frica; so that every house seemed
 ‘a burning Prison: Then sandy and
 ‘black Desarts, and Wildernesſes
 ‘over-run with Scorpions, and Ser-
 ‘pents: Beyond them a mighty O-
 ‘cean of Salt Peter, which roared
 ‘and belched continual Flames, as
 ‘if Thunder and Lightning had been
 ‘turned topſie-turvy; on the other
 ‘hand lay a deep and profound
 ‘Valley, like a Sea of Darkneſs,
 ‘which was bounded with exceed-
 ‘ing high Mountains, vomiting
 ‘Flames of different colours, which
 ‘gave no certain Light. The whole
 ‘Horizon was perpetually moiſtned
 ‘with a Burning pricking Dew, as
 ‘if the Firmament had ſweat with
 ‘heat. I preſently concluded that
 it is a great deal worſe to be ſent
 ‘to this Place than to be transport-
 ed to the *Barbadoes*; and yet I was
 reſolved to paſs over it, if poſſible;
 with that I began to deſcend the
 Hill, but our Guide ſtopt uſ, and told
 us that our haſte had like to have
 hindred uſ of the ſight of ſome
 thing very remarkable. See you

not said he yonder Gallows on your left hand? He that is hanging upon it is Captain Uratz: How said I, Captain Uratz! It can never be, for Uratz; dyed assuring the Ordinary that God would save him as he was a Gentleman? Ay, Sir, (said our Guide,) we know he said so: But for that Blasphemy he is made a Spectacle to all the Damn'd.

Leaving this dismal sight, our Guide beckned to us to follow him; and so we did, through a dark Alley, which led to a little Brazen Gate, through which, after we had descended eight or ten steps, we entred into a large Vault, where I espied a Table, as I thought, covered with a *Crimson Carpet*, distain'd with black Scorpions, Spiders, and Toads, and set out with six dim Tapers; by the light I then perceived the Arch of the Vault to be Enameld with the Devil's hand writing, which contained the names of *Woodhouse*, *Blagrove*, *Lamb*, *Faustus* and other Conjurers, done

done with the flame of a candle:
 At some distance from the Table
 were seated in strange Habits, and
 with cloudy looks, several *Modern*
Devil-Mongers, who came to assist
 at the blackest Ceremonies *that were*
in Hell. They were no sooner o-
 ver, but we were by a By-way,
 which I shall not find another
 time, brought into a wide place,
 which was sultry hot: The en-
 trance gave us a strange and un-
 usual Prospect; no Labyrinth more
 intricate, like *Nero's Hundred Cham-*
bers at *Bajæ*; there were several
 By-ways which led into the seve-
 ral divisions of Hell; but before I
 came to any particular one of them,
 I perceived our Guide, violently
 hurried away, and carried before
 a *grave Person*, who sat in a
 Chair, and suffered none to pass,
 before he had examined them. I
 was forced very near him, but
 with a good will, for I was de-
 sirous to understand his employ-
 ment. I immediately perceiv'd him
 to be a *Father Confessor*: For

as

as soon as I got to him, he ask't me several questions concerning the course of my life, and began to upbraid me for being a *Hugonot*.

The next that came to Confession was *H——et* a young Woman, with whom he was at the old sport of *Questions and Commands, Crambo and Cross-Purposes*, which were so lascivious and impertinent, that the Woman, though formerly an Impudent Whore, was more asham'd than afraid to answer him.

The next that came to Confession were a number of strait Lasses in *White Vailes, and barefoot*, who for some Misdemeanor, best known to themselves, and their Confessors, willingly underwent this severe Discipline: One of them whose name was *Willet*, sat down and began to rub her feet with *the Palm of her hand*, and looking up, as if at her Devotion, made me imagine that they had a peculiar Predominant Saint for every

very part of the Body, as the Man in the *Almanack* has a Constellation or Sign in the *Zodiac*; and therefore I drew nearer to her, to hear *what Saint belonged to the Foot*; but she was at the old Exorcism of *Out Nettle in Dock*. I would willingly have heard a little more but that I was afraid. You are (cry'd *Charon* who was just arriv'd with a new Fare.) more afraid than hurt, go nearer she is the *Tamest Creature in the World*, **Modest Fool**, (continued *Charon*) the very naming her in Publick will make her go near to *blush her self to Death*, young pretty Innocence—**How it looks!**—She appears in Hell, in such Confusion, as a poor Wretch at fifteen that comes to Swear a **Rape** upon a Man.—And indeed, I thought this *Nun* one of the most beautiful *Nymphs* that ever I had seen; I began to take Courage, for a *Stoick* would have turn'd Champion himself to have relieved so comly a *Virgin* from such undecent restraint; and therefore coming

ming close to the Flaming Grate,
 Pray, Madam, said I, what is the
 Reason that you (whose looks discover such a World of Innocence)
 should thus, like a Cut-Throat,
 reserved for extraordinary tortures
 be securely confin'd? *I hope, Sir,*
Reply'd she, you will think my Innocence
 the Occasion of it, when you
 shall know that I have suffered as
 close Imprisonment from my Childhood;
 than which, there is no worse
 in Nature, and I assure you that
the next thing to Hell is a Nunne-
ry; and therefore I wonder not
 at the Protestant Ladies, who are
 so Zealous against Popery, which
 lays such unkind Obligations upon
 us. But, Madam, said I, why do you
 find fault with what you so solemnly
 made choice of? Indeed, Sir, reply'd
 she, my free Will was not then
 come of Age, and so would any
 Physician in the World say, who
 knows as well as the Pope, for all
 his **Infallibility**. Pray, said I,
 let me see some Works, which for
 all your Torments in this Place, you
 have

have curiously wrought, to your great commendation. Because, Sir, says she, you are a Modest Gentleman, I will shew you the best we have: With that she fetch't a **Halter**: Look you here, Sir, said she, This is most excellent Work and very strong. I perceive, Madam, said I, that ye are very kind to your Confessors, for they sometimes in England wear them for your sakes.

A Bell that rung gave us notice, that we should hasten out of this place: Just at our going out, we heard these words, in a sweet tunable Voice,

For what greater Plague can on
Women be laid,
Than to live a young Virgin, and
dye an old Maid?

This young Lady, sure (said Mercury,) has been in the Cage a great while, for she sings well: She would sing a great deal better (repl'd our Guide) if she were
H out:

out. But, pray Sir, (said our Guide,) do not stay here, for if my Lady Abbess (whom *Charon* brought hither yesterday,) shou'd catch you alone, she has cruel long Nails, and will scratch your eyes out.

He would have gone on, but that a slender tall thing, like a Devil in a Hop-sack, came behind him, and almost 'frighted him out of his Wits.

But I perceived it was only a Man wrap'd up in Blankets, from whose Mouth and Nose, (the only visible parts about him,) came these words:

'All ye that pass by, take pity
'on me: I could not well understand
'his meaning, but my Guide telling
'me 'twas *Whitney*, the famous
Robber, I drew nearer to him, and
perceived that he was loaden with
'a great Trunk, which with the heat
'and burthen did infinitely perplex
'him; he look't like an old Officer
'of the *Goths* and *Vandals*; there
'was nothing regular about him but
'his Hat, which was a *Duodeca-*
'*drum*, and no ill Model of the
'Fortifications

'Fortifications of Mantua. In the name of the Pope said I, (for I heard that he dy'd a Papist) what art thou? Who, said he? *why I am Capt. Whitney, whose body is now rotting in Clearkenwell but not having the fear of the Pope before mine eyes, feloniously and Jesuitically did take, steal, and carry away this Cargo of Relicks at the Plunder of a Religious House in Lancashire,* Well, said I, let me see them if there be any thing considerable, I will be the Chapman; with that he readily gave me a sight of them. Here is, said he, a Bowl of Curds and Cream made of the Milk of St. Luke's Cow; Here is *Julius Caesar's* Nut-croom; Here are Shoes in which St. Ignatius went bare foot to Jerusalem; here is the *Os Sacrum*, of one of the 11000 Virgins. Those are all common, said I. Are they so, reply'd he, Well then, here is half a pound of the Chaos, (and then he look'd big.) This said I, is but indifferent. No, Sir, said he, pray, Sir, have a little patience. Finally, here is the Horshoe of the

*Horse, that begot the Mare, that
Foal'd the Foal, that was the Horse,
that brought the Man, that saw the
Man, that saw our Lady of Loretto's
Chapel fly from Judea into Italy.*

*Whitney finding we had no
mind to his stolen Relicks, ask'd
us agen to take pity of him, I
told him I never heard he deserv'd
any, and was sorry to hear of his
bilking Charon, (by slipping the
Halter for three days;) but Whitney
said I, rest your self content for a
while; and if ever the Universal
order of things come to my disposal, you
shall not be forgotten; for I hear the
Jacobites design to New Model
the World, and to change the whole
Frame of Government, and then
shall a different Character be put
upon the transactions of these times,
and what is now Vice, shall then be
Vertue; the whole Body of Reli-
gion shall be transformed, and Hea-
ven it self shall have a new Hy-
pothesis, but Mr. Whitney till this
happens 'tis a folly to ask for pity,
for you were a Thief and Murderer,*
almost

almost from your Cradle; so that (were there a worse Punishment) I should think Damnation to good for you! To good for me, said Whitney why, what would you have me do? Money we have none, and without it there's no living: Should we stay till it were brought, or come alone? How would ye have a poor Individuum Vagum to live? that has neither Estate, Office, Master, nor Friend to maintain him: and is quite out of his Element, unless he be either in a Tavern or a Bawdy-House, or a Gaming Ordinary? Now, that's the Man that Providence has appointed to live by his Wits. But perhaps you'll say 'tis a base thing to rob a House, or abuse the Bed of a Friend.

But, Pray Sir, had we not better do it there where the House is open to us, the Master and Lady kind, and the occasion fair and easie; than to run a Catterwawling into a Family where every Servant in the House is a Spy, and perhaps a Fellow behind every Door in the House with a Dagger, or Pistol in

'in his hand to entertain' us.

Leaving *Whitney*, (too late) lamenting his wicked Life, we saw coming to us *A Tall lean Man*, quaintly attir'd in Velvet, and Sattin, with a Cloak of Cloath rash, and a Musling Cravat as smoothly set, and he as neatly dress'd, as if he had been a Bridegroom: Only I guess'd by his pace a far off, he should be a Taylor: *His Head was Holden up so Pert*, and his Legs shackle ham'd, as if his knees had been laced to his Thighs with Points. coming nearer to him, I found 'Twas *N——le*, the Famous Projector; being sure 'twas he, I cry'd out, Haloo? *Brother Projector!* what prospect have you of your discoveries in these black Regions, are they like to succeed or not?

N——le. I'm upon the Wings of an Imaginative Faculty; and am fancying my self in pursuit of a new Lottery tho Sir; (added he,) to confess the truth I have not yet effected my promise of Recruiting

Recruiting the *Exhausted Stores of Nature* about thunder and Lightning:

N. Quevedo. What? I'll warrant you 'tis some Project to Hood-wink the Devils, that you might 'Scape out of Hell.

N-le. The Notions fresh and coming; and methinks I see a Legion of Devils to stand as my Slaves.

N. Quevedo. Then you'l forget me Attendance and Ceremonies will prejudice your Eyes from looking upon your old Friends: In short you'l be moulded into a new Nature.

N-le. 'Tis a weakness to design before *Projectors*; and the surest way that can be found out to be supplanted; therefore I desire to be excus'd, farther than to tell you in general Terms: I am offering *Proposals to the Register of Fate, for a Regulation of the Solstices*: I know no reason the *Sun* should not be call'd to an account, as well as *Projectors*, for being idle twice a Year, when the inconveniences

nences of his loytring are so destructive to the whole Frame of Nature, by burning up its radical moisture on one side and suffering the other five to lye imprison'd in the Chains of Frost and Darknes, without the least demerit.

N. Quevedo, Indeed this has not yet been consider'd; but won't it disoblige the Computation of the *Astrologick* Souls.

N——le, Particular Interests must not come in competition with a general Good: But admit such a small inconvenience; I can quickly redress that.

Archimedes over-hearing — those words, repli'd — Nay then you'll encroach upon my *Studies*; for I have been drawing a Scheme of the Regulation of Time. Which I'll present to Lucifer, that he may know how long he's to Reign.

N. Quevedo, Pray where does your Calculation begin?

Archimedes, From the very Minute that the Deluge began; which, as I take it, was about
Seven

The New Quebedo, 57

Seven a Clock it'h, Morning, from
the Creation of Souls 2193 Years,
6 days 3⁹/₁₀ Minutes.

N. Quebedo, You pretend to
great exactness.

Archimedes, 'Tis necessary; or I
had chang'd Winter for Summer
before now.

N. Quebedo, Well, and have
you any thing else to promote?

Archimedes, Nothing at present,
but to secure my self from being
trick'd out of my Project, till I
am certain of my Reward.

Having parted with these Idle Project-
ors, oth suddain I was *Frighted out*
of my sober thoughts, with a whole
Volley of Oaths, fired like a Blun-
derbuss upon **Coat—Selling and**
Poetry. 'Twas *Dick A—es* who lea-
ving his Trade, *Rhin'd* for Bread;
at length the thing appear'd, that
that made all the noise; I, at first
cou'd not Imagine what 'twas; it
look'd like a Coat half out, red in the
middle, and cover'd with white Asbes on
both sides on't, away the thing Reel'd
to t' other side of his Quarters; then
I (being

(being **Swingingly** Pox't) between
 tumbld and Sat down upon a de-
 crepit Joynt Stool, (some of the
Best Furniture Author's Lodgings us'd
to be provided with,) and after
 having breath'd a while longer,
 which I cou'd compare to nothing
 but the **Twinkling of a Coal**
 just before it goes out, fell a
Swearing agen so loud, I began to
 fear he'd fright the Devils; or blow
 us up; He began, after *Disimbo-*
guing some mouthfulls more of
 Oaths, to speak a few words without
 'em, and now and then, some
wispy, enough, wou'd drop from
 him, but so lewd, so fulsomely,
 nauseously, wicked, that I cou'd
 not hear 'em; — Leaving this
Young Rake, we saw three Devils
 following *W—ner H—ich R—sel*,
 and other Cooks, and breaking
 their Heads as they pass'd along,
 with Pot-Hooks, and Ladles: Alas!
 cry'd *R—sel*, that was yet in a
 whole Skin, it is hard, that Whore-
 dom should be laid to our charge,
 that never had to do with Strump-
 . pets

pets, Bold Nasty fellows, (said our Guide,) *Who has deserv'd Hell, if they have not?* How many Hundred Men have these Fellows poyson'd, with the *Grease* of their *Heads*, and *Tails*, instead of Mutton-Sewer? with *Snot-Pies* for Marrow? and *Flies* for *Currants*? How many *Stomachs* have they turn'd into *Laystals* with the *Dogs-flesh*, *Horse-flesh*, and other *Carrion* that they have put into them? And do these *Cooks* complain of their sufferings: Leave your roaring, ye *Whelps*, (said our Guide) and know that the *Flames* you endure is nothing to that of your *Jaylors*.

And for your part (says he, to me with a Grim look) because you are a stranger, you may get you gone for a *Spye*; but we have a *Quarrel* with these *Grease Cooks*.

I went next, down a pair of stairs into a huge Vault, where I saw *Whitebread* and two *Jesuits* burning in unquenchable Fire; and one of them Roaring, Cry'd out I never Persecuted Man, Woman,

nor sucking Babe, nor never Excommunicated any Man, then why am I punish'd thus! I durst have sworn this man had been Dr. P^r—fold, but going nearer to him, to see if he had a Long Robe, I found him to be Francis the Jesuit, that murdered Dangerfield: Francis calling to mind, that I was the Person that seiz'd him in *Holbourn*, and lent him to *Newgate*; began to call me *Heretick Dog*, but at length growing something friendly, we passed together through an Antichamber into a stately **Combinattion Room**, which was filled with no better Company; for although they sat with Countenances so demure, as if their hearts had been busied with the best thoughts that can enrich the Soul of Man; yet when I perceived the Furniture of the Table, which was *Bell, Book and Candle*; and among them *Campton, Stuyley, Pickering, and Coleman*; I no longer doubted their concerns; nor needed I; for in that instant, *Ireland* stood up; and said

said I know not whether we *Jesuits* have been more successfull in smothering or undertaking after discovery, or admirable in the contrivance of them; yet in this last design upon *Godfrey*, we shall ingage as many testimonies against us, as in all the Practices against Queen *Elizabeth*, and King *James*. At the end of the sentence, all the *Jesuits* unanimously stood up: And laying their hands on their Breasts, did in most solemn manner renew their Vowes of Fidelity and Secrecy.

I began to look upon them with some esteem, thinking that Men of their Parts and Learning, would not be so solemnly engaged upon trivial accounts, or be rashly concerned in a business to which they had no fundamental Right. And therefore turning to *Ireland*, Father (said I) It seemeth strange to me that these Men, who are born the Subjects of different Princes, between whom there have lately happened mortal, and bloody Wars;
and

and between whose Parents and Relations there has always been a different Humour and National Antipathy, I say, 'tis strange to me that these Men should so heartily, and unanimously agree in the same Opinions and Practises. Pray tell me, Is Zeal or Interest the Cement of this Society? Truly, Sir, reply'd *Ireland*: These two things put together, make the most accomplish'd *Jesuits*; for you must understand, that the Novices are brought up under such strict Rules of Obedience to their Superiors, that 'tis no wonder that they can so easily forget Father, and Mother, and their duty to their Prince and Country.

We went down a pair of back-stairs into a stately Cloyster, which led directly to a Chapel Extraordinarily adorned with rich Plate, lively Hangings, and something resembling the *Jesuits Church* at *Padua*; but I took especial notice of the Effigies of several Persons, who in all History do seem to me

as

ill Villains as any that are mentioned in the vast Catalogue of Mankind, and might as ill become such a place as *Judas*, there were the Portraitures of *Clement*, *Ravillas*, *Green*, *Berry*, and *Hill*, and of several other Assassins, whom success in their designs had made as Infamous, as their punishments remarkable: But here their Memories seem'd ed somewhat more pretious, for they were mounted above the rest, and Crowned by Devils, with Wreaths of Fire. Over-against them were the resemblances of those unfortunate Princes, who fell by their wicked hands, but were more rudely used by the Painters. Whilst I was viewing them, my Ears were as much surprized with a consort of *Flutes*, *Tabor*s, loud *Bagpipes*, and such sorts of Oriental Musick, as use to set the *Turks* and *Tartars* together by the Ears: I expected some bloody Masquerade, such as the Jesuits do now a days oblige the World with; but I was mistaken; for there entred between

Francis

Francis and me, a Fellow most terribly Grim and Stern: Truly I was a little fearful at the first, and my hair stood up to complement his; he had a Stiletto in his right hand, and the Mass in his left; so that I shun'd him, and drawing towards Ireland, Father (said I,) it seems strange to me, that this Fellow, being possessed, and coming hither to be exorcis'd, should be suffered to bear such a Weapon in his hand. Oh Sir! (reply'd Francis) you mistake the business, this Fellow comes not hither to have one Devill taken from him, but to have several Legions put into him; the Jesuits are now entering this man, and with more subtile Arguments than ever the old Serpent invented, do prompt him to Sin against the Light of Nature, without any Motives to real, or seeming Good: he is now instructed to destroy the Person of a great King, without any hopes of escaping the punishment due to such a Villany. At those words of Ireland's, they

they all retreated, and in the Rear of them appeared Hill the *Printer*, whom when *Francis* saw, he crossed himself three or four times, and turning to us, There goes a Turncoat, cries he, that has so far out-done the Devil, that he hath been often about renouncing his old Name, (*Nick*) for that of *Hill*.

Leaving the *Consult of Jesuits* we knew not how, the next thing we saw was, a knot of *Wizards &c.* amongst whom their stood *Will Sanders*, that had studied *Palmistry*. He took all the *Damn'd by the Hands*, one after another: One he told that it was as plain as the teeth in his head, that he was to go to Hell, for he perceiv'd it by the Mount of *Saturn*. You (said *Sanders*, to another) have been a great Fornicator. I see that by the Mount of *Venus* here, and by her *Girdle*; and in short, every Man's Destiny he read in his *Fist*.——After him came *Gassendus*, Creeping on his Knees, with a pair of *Compasses* in his Hand, his *Maps*, and *Globes* about him

'him; His *Jacob's Staffe* before him;
 'and his *Eyes* upon the *Planets*, as
 if he were taking a height, or
 'making an *Observation*. When *Gas-*
sendus, had gazed a while, up he
 'starts of a sudden, and wringing
 'his *Hands*, *alas!* (says he) *What*
 'an *unlucky Bastard* was I! If I had
 'come into the *World*, but one half
 'quarter of an hour sooner, I had
 'been sav'd; for Just then *Saturn*
 'shifted, and *Mars* was lodg'd in
 'the house of *Life*. Gad—ry that
 'follow'd him, bad his *Tormentors*
 'be sure he was *Dead* (for says he)
 'I am little doubtful of it my self;
 'In regard that I had *Jupiter* for
 'my *Ascendant*, and *Venus* in the
 'House of *Life*, and no *Malevolent*
 'Aspect to cross me. So that by
 'the *Rules of Astrology*, I was to
 'live precisely, a *Hundred years*,
 'and one; *Two Months*, *Six Days*,
 'four *Hours* and *Three Minutes*.

This Gad—ry (quoth our Guide)
 is a provident Slave I warrant
 'him, to bring his *String* along
 'with him. But this I must needs
 'tell

'tell ye (said our Guide) to Gad—
'ry, 'tis a strange thing, ye should
'create so many *Heavens* in your
'*Life*, and go to the *Devil* for
'want of one, after your *Death*.
'Nay, for going (cry'd Gad—ry)
'ye shall excuse me; but if you'll
'*carry me well, and good*. And im-
mediately Order was given to car-
him away.

The next that came up was
Trigg, the *Geomancer*; one that
reduced all his Skill to Certain
little *points*, and by them would
tell you, as well *things past*, as
to come. There were divers *Gram-*
marians that followed him. As
Lewis, *Ducket*, *Lilly*, and one
W—son, a Familiar Friend and Com-
panion of *Fox*, the *Quaker*, who
though he had but one Soul, was
yet burning in *Ten Bodies*. (I mean
the *Damnable Books* he left behind
him.) There was *Trithemius* with his
Polygraphy, and *Stenography*; That
had Devils now his *Belly full*,
though in his Life time his Com-
plaint was, that He could never
K 2 have

have enough of their Company. Over against him was *Cardan*, but they could not set their Horses together, because of an old Quarrel; whether was the more Impudent of the Two. Here I saw *K—grew*, tearing his Beard in rage, to find himself Pump'd dry; and that he could not fool on, to the End of the Chapter. *Starkey* was the e too, bewailing himself for the Time he had spent at the *Alchymists Bellows*. There was also the Unknown Author of the *Oracles* of Reason and he was doubly punish'd, first for the Fool he was, and then for those he had made.

Leaving this Rabble of *Wizards* and *Atheists*, we beheld at a distance, the most wretched'st and ridiculous Creatures, that ever were seen, (the *Cophnot-Stunners* excepted) for one was viewing a Looking-Glass, (which he carry'd in his Pocket, for that purpose,) to pay his Devotions to the Worshipful Figure of himself? another was playing the *Narcissus* with his own Shadow,
and

and making his Court with an 120
Grimaces to his pretty *Pigsnies*; a-
nother was licking his lips into Ru-
bies, painting his Cheeks into Cher-
ries, patching his Pim-ginits, Car-
buncles and Buboos? another was
striving to out-do *Appelles* in coun-
terfeiting the lovely Eyebrow; a
third was two long Hours in
carreening his Hair or Peruke: a
fourth was as tedious in adjusting
his *Crevat-string*. I ask'd our Guide,
who these Creatures were, and he
told me, they were, *W—con*,
Gar—t, *Pr—ce*, with Twen-
ty other young *Beaus*, that *Charon*
had brought from *London* Methoughts
in my Dream, it was very Co-
mical to see the *Fops* strutting up
and down their Fiery Apartments,
surveying themselves from Head to
Foot, first turning one Shoulder,
then t'other, now looking fore-
right in the Glass, then turning
their Posteriors, tiffing with their
Wigs, tying and untying their
Crevats, writhing themselves into
as many Postures, as *Clark* in the
Pall-Mall

Pall-Mall: and yet after all their Severe *Speculation*, were not satisfied till they had consulted their flattering Devil. Reader, I will not trouble you with all the Imper-tinent Dialogue that passes between 'em; but after they have parrotted over the *Brandenburg*, *Che-drenx*, *Efcla's*, *Orangers*, *Picards*, *Pulvillo*, *Rous*, *Surtout*, and a deal more of Ribble Rabble, Pedlars French: Each Spark sallies forth of his Hot Quarters, like a Pea-cock, besceeching the Flames, to favour his delicate Friz, and not to *Singe a Lock*, or a *Cur*. Our Guide told us that these good natur'd Animals, fancied that every Petticoat, Devil, that look't upon 'em, was in love with 'em.

I saw in my Dream that one of these London Beaus, had met with an old acquaintance; (His Fellow Sinner, in picking up Wenches,) but what Duckng, Cringing, Scraping, there was between 'em! You wou'd think at first they were going to unbuckle one anothers Shoes, so
low

low go their Hands, as to touch each others Ankles! Then up they mount again, first over one Shoulder, and then over t'other, flabbering each others Cheeks, like a couple of good natur'd Colts, that take turns to lick one another where it itches, you'd swear they were *Harlickin's* Bastards and were practising the Anticks: And all their discourse was of Dresses, Pimps, and Whores, or the like insignificant Stuff, embroidered now and then with Oaths and Curses, which renders 'em the Scorn of most of the Damn'd. Nay, the **Devils of sense** wou'd Lampoon 'em to their Face, while the Silly *Fop* takes all this for Respect. It e'en pity'd my heart to see so many fine Gentlemen in Hell, and without any hope of Relief, as I gather'd from the Devil that had them in custody.

From the Beaus, we went to the *Single (Women, not those old Maids, that we met in our first Journey to Hell; but)* such as made profession never to Marry, which were the

the least Outragious, and discompos'd of all; for they had a hundred ways to *Lay the Devil*, as well as to *Raise him*. Some of them liv'd like common *High-ways men by Robbing Peter to pay Paul*.

Others there were, that were absolutely out of their seven senses, and as Mad as *March-Hares for This Wit*, and *t'other Poet*; that never fail'd to pay them again in *Rhimes*, and *Madrigals*, with *Ruby Lips*; *Pearly Teeth*. Among these *Simple Women* was *A. B—hn*. (for these Beaus she knew, and was come to visit 'em). *B—hn* perceiving the Beaus, had out-done her in *Pride*, and *Vanity*, without the Ceremony (of by your leave Gentlemen) began to upbraid 'em in this manner: *Then Fops, will you persist to libel Women, because they use some Innocent Arts to reclaim you from the Follies? Believe me, our Towers, and Top-knots are no others then Satyrs on your high crisp'd Wiggs, and Dangling Locks, your Spruce Cravat-strings; Sword-Knots, and the rest of your Finical Dress:*

I dare be bold to challenge you in the Name of all the Female Sex; begin you and shew a good Example, leave off all this effeminate Cluster; abandon your Fopperies and Vices, and act like Men of Sense, and I'll engage the Women will quickly follow your steps, and reassuming the ancient Spirit and Valour, of our renowned Ancestors the Picts, we'll accompany you to the Gates of it, and make all the Devils in Hell, tremble at the Name of the English Amazons, and at last be glad to Release us. By your Favour, Madam, (quo h these Town Beaus,) we are not yet upon even terms; and therefore before we part, you shall know what 'tis to provoke a Beau. B—hn, (continued Wil—n) if thou wer't now alive, I'd write thee to Death, as Archilochus did Lycambes. How ever I'll put the History of thy Life in a Satyr, as sharp as Vinegar, and give it the name of THE SHE GALLANTS and send it by Charon to Sam Br-co, to be inserted in his Third Volume

L

of

of Letters from the Dead to the Living. Leaving B——*bn* and these London Beaus, Scolding, and Fighting, (for 'tis the way of **Cul-lies** and **Whores**, first to tempt, and then to abuse one another.)

We next, entred a Gate-house, which had on the top a great many Skulls, fixed upon high Poles, and at some distance we observed a great number of People about a Corps which had been quarter'd, and was stitch'd together again; some wept over it, others *dip't* their Handkerchiefs in the Blood that Issued from it, and all devoutly attended it to a stately Building just before us; as I came nearer, I thought I heard a *Requiem* sung, as it were by Dying Echoes, and the Bells rang out a melancholy *Gloria*; I thought too that we had entred the *Pantheon* in Rome, for all round about stood a great many Persons in such fixt Postures with burning Tapers in their hands, that they look'd like Statues; whilst

I was gazing about me, there opened a Scene as it were at some distance, and discovered Charnock, Perkins, and Fenwick, in a Chair of State; they were attended with several eminent Cardinals, but amongst them none more busie than Cardinal H——md, at the back of the Chair stood three or four Popes with their Triple Crowns Pull'd over their eyes. I did not, as yet, certainly understand what was to be done in this place, and therefore I ask'd Mercury, who bid me have a little patience, and I should presently know; and withal ask'd me if I knew whose Pictures those were that were hung upon the Pillars? With that I looked more wishfully upon them, and told him, that I thought they were the Resemblances of Faux, Hubert, Green, Berry, & Hill. They are so, said he; and although they were Rebels and Martherers in England, yet the change of Air made them Saints Immediately, and they were Canonized at Rome, for what they were Hanged, Drawn, and
L s Quarter'd

Quarter'd in *England*, as *Traytors*.

This Ceremony was no sooner over, but one of the Damn'd came running cross the Company, and so up and down, back and forward (like a Whore that had lost her Cully,) bawling as if he had been out of his Wits, and crying out, 'Oh where am I! I am abus'd, I am 'chous'd: What's the meaning of 'all this? Here are *Damning Devils*, '*Tempting Devils*, and '*Tormenting Devils*; but the Devil a Devil 'can I find of the *Devils* that brought 'me hither: They have gotten away 'my *Devils*: Where are they? Give 'me my *Devils* again.

It might well make the Company stare, to see a Fellow hunting for *Devils* in *Hell*, where they swarm in *Legions*, But as he was in his *Hurry*, Ben——t the *Procurers*, caught him by the arm, and stop'd him. Old Test (says she) if thou wantest *Devils* here, where do'st expect to find them? He knew her as soon as he saw her. And 'Art thou here, Old *Belzebub*; in a '*Petticoat*

'Petticoat? (said he) the very Picture of Satan; the Coupler of Male and Female: The Multiplier of sin, The Seasoner of Rotten Mutton, and the Interpreters betwixt Whores and Knaves; Speak, and without more ado, tell me? Where are the Devils and their Dams that brought me hither? These are none of them.

'No, no; I am not such a Fool, to be Trepan'd, and Spirited away by Devils with Tayls, Horns, Bristles.

'The Devils that I look for, are worse then these. Where are the Mothers that play the Bawds to their own Daughters? And the Aunts, that do as much for their Nieces, the black ey'd Girls, that carry Fire in their Eyes? Where are the Story-Mongers? The Masters of the Faculty of Lying? That Report more than they Hear, affirm more than they Know, and Swear more than they Believe? Where are the Hypocrites that turn Devotion into Interest, and make a Revenue of a Commandment.

'These are the Devils I would
'be

'be at : These are they that have
'damn'd me ; look them out, and
'find them for me, ye impudent
'Bawds.

By **Ahton**, there Stood *Diogenes*
the Cynic, **Snarling** at two De-
vils, that were going to Muzzle him,
for he was so abominable **Curish**,
He bit the Devils that came near
him, His chief Clamour was at **False**
hopes, (for the Devils to quiet him, had
promis'd to Release him in Fifty years)
at the **Scenes in an Opera**, and
at the Poets that were won't to
Lash his unmannerly Carcase.

From *Diogenes* **Grinning** reflecti-
ons arose a very Grave Conference
between **My self**, **Mercury**, and
our **Black Guide**. I began First,
with admiring that *Diogenes*, should
hope for any end of his Torments,
for **Mr. Devil** said I (speaking to
our Guide :) If Hell awakes **Hope**,
in an Aged Sinner, where Hope is
fallen a sleep, and would take rest,
we may therefore say (since *hope is*
the vital heat of the Mind) that it
may

The New Quebedo. 79

may make his bones ake, by seducing him to a **Dance**: for he can only lift up his feet to a dismal discord, or Dance to a consort of Groaners, and Gnashers of Teeth.

He is (said Mercury) offended with *Scenes in the Opera*, as at the useless Visions of Imagination. But is it not the safest and shortest way to understanding, when you are brought to see vast Seas and Provinces, Fleets, Armies, and Ports, without the hazards of a Voyage, or pains of a long March? Nor is that deception where we are prepar'd and consent to be deceiv'd. Nor is there much loss in that deceit, where we gain some variety of Experience by a short Journey of the sight.

When he gives you advice not to lay out Time in prospect of Woods and Meadows, which you can never possess, he may as well shut up his own Little Window (*which is the Bung hole of his Tub*) and still remain in the Dungeon of Hell, because the light can only

ly shew him that which he can neither purchase nor beg.

This snarling *Athenian* (Continu'd our Guide) hath all this while but bark'd at the *Muses*; 'Tis true said the *Devil*, *Diogenes* offers to bite **Hope**, **Scenes**, and **Poetry**, but 'Tis only with his Gums, for his Teeth are **Burnt**; why should a Cynick, who applauds Poverty in himself, disdain it in others? He pretends (continued our Guide) to make it his business to seek out Poverty, and to Court her in publick; but the *Poets* having more Wit than the *Cynicks*, only entertain her when she finds out them, and then but in private. Or perhaps *Poets*, the busie Secretaries of Nature, are so intently imploy'd in providing for the General Happiness of humane kind, that they have no leisure to make Provisions for themselves. He upbraids (added this Devil) that Art which may be said to be the only Art of Nature; which elevates the Harmony of Reason, and makes even the severities of Wisdom pleasant

pleasant. But Gentlemen (continu'd our Guide) It were an unpardonable want of Judgment in me, to tire you with defending that which you already know needs no defence. And my presumption is less to be forgiven in having dar'd to rescue that from the Rage of *Diogenes*, which you have long taken into your own protection therefore; instead of defending Poetry, (*whose several Beauties make up the shape of the Opera*) I will conclude in excuse and defence of *Diogenes* who hath much reason to dissuade you from Moral Representations, because he is himself the worst Representation of *Morality*; and is justly afraid to be represented in the Theatre of Hell. But why, said a Devil (*that overheard us*) do you rail at *Diogenes*, when all you Philosophers, are a Company of Quacks: Ye Prate and Argue of things ye don't understand, and with your Damn'd Speculations have confounded the World.

How! Said Mercury, *confounded the world?*

Then pray let us visit the Authors

M

Quarters

Quarters, for a sight of our Modern *Philosophers*. Being thus resolv'd, we made up to *A Door*, which was so narrow and straight, that I was fain to shut my breath, and pinch in my sides to get through. Though this way was somewhat obscure, yet it led me into a *Gallery much darker*, where there was a man walking and bemoaning himself in a tone of voice that moved me to compassion: At his groans, which issued from the depth of his despair, I felt my heart somewhat touched; and the more, because I only heard his voice, and the motion of his Body; besides, when he heard me coming, he rais'd his voice so much the higher, crying out: *Ah miserable man that I am! Who would ever have believed that I shou'd have been damn'd for the works of others!* I presently guess'd him some poor Confessor, because those wretched people ordinarily damn themselves, by charging themselves with the ill deeds of their Penitents: Whereupon I began to comfort him, just as if he had been a Confessor, But he answered me with deeper sighs and groans;
How

*How, said he, a Confessor ! I am a poor Book-seller, who had not been Condemned to the Torments I suffer, but for having traded in other Mens Works. Whereupon drawing nearer to him, I began to know him ; and had no sooner perfectly discovered who he was, but I began to admire the effects of God's Justice ; for in truth, this was Cr—il, the Book-seller who printed and published all the Obscene and Lascivious Books that the Devil himself could invent. In a word His Shop was a very Brothel of Lascivious Books. Yet I seem'd to be concerned for his misfortune, that I might not add to his despair : But he easily discerning my compassion was but constrained and dissembled, began to tell me, *What needs this ? 'Tis the common calamity of our Profession, since we are not damn'd as people of other Trades are, for sins by our selves committed, nor suffer such cruel Torments, but only for the Crimes and bad Works of others. He would have gone on ; but a Devil stop'd his Mouth with a Book call'd Reynolds of Murder.* Then said I to my self,*

If the Book-sellers undergo such terrible Torments only for having sold the Books, what will become of the Authors that composed them?

Being desirous to know this, we ask'd our Guide if he knew not whether so many People went as spoiled such vast Mountains of Paper with their scribbling? He made me lay my Ear to an Iron Wall on the right hand, in which there was a little Wicket. I no sooner came near it, but I heard a great noise and murmur like the humming of Bees, but infinitely lower, and much more lamentable; at which I was much amazed, and almost beside my self; when I understood from the Devil that followed me, that *all these miserable people were Authors of Books*, which so much the more astonished me, because there appeared to me, to be *more Authors of Books in Hell, than Men in the World*. Whilst I was thrusting in my head to make discovery, if I could, of some acquaintance, the Devil that had the Guard of the Place, asked me, if I would come in? And I having told him that he would
much

much oblige me, to grant me admiffion, he opened a door not very large; but at which, both I and the Devil who had charge to fhew me the Rarities of the place, entered conveniently enough. At firft I believed, that as there were divers forts of Authors, fo they had divers forts of Torments; wherefore I fought for the *Divines*, the *Philofophers*, the *Historians*, the *Politicians*, the *Mathematicians*, the *Novelifts*, the *Composers* of *Romances*; but feeing no difference among them all, I asked the Devil the reason of it; who answered, That among *Authors* no difference was to be made of perfon or matter, though the perfons and matters were ufually very different; for that in *Hell* they condemned not the *Authors* for the *Books* they had made, but for the end had moved them to make them. I defired him to tell me what that end was: which he did in few words, faying, That the end of all *Authors* in writing, was *Interest* and *Ambition*, two *Furies* which *Lucifer* fent to the world to draw fo many thoufand Souls to *Hell*: And becaufe thefe two *Furies* were lodged in
the

the Hearts of all Writers, therefore there were more of them found in Hell, than of any other profession Adding, that it was of necessity most Writers must be damn'd, since there was scarce ever any of them writ, but to damn others. Besides, that imploying their whole time only to seek some of them new Conceptions, new Speculations, and new Inventions and others; *Fables, Fancies and Fantasticks*, they never gave leasure to their understandings to search into the purity of the nature of that God, whom they only made shew of adoring in outward appearance. Whilst the Devil was telling me these things, I observed the quality of the Torments these miserable Authors endured: In the first place, they forced them to eat all the Books they had written, and then drew them out by the Fundament before any digestion was made: Which usage of them seeming somewhat unreasonable to me, I communicated my thoughts to Chaucer and some Antient Writers, who told me, I was a very Fool to think to give Rules to Hell; adding that it was a punishment very proportionable

tionable to their desert: For as all Writers published their Books as soon as they had forged them in their brain, without *ever digesting them in their Judgment, and giving them that maturity necessary for them*; so it was but just, that without attending the maturity of digestion, they should void again those Books which they had set abroad in the World, without taking care better to digest them.

Mercury hearing the Antients mention'd, and having a mind to discourse *Terrence, Plantus, Ovid, &c.* was for going to their respective Quarters; but I was so much troubled at what I had seen, that I perswaded *Mercury*, to defer this Visit till some other time. Taking leave of our Guide, we call'd for *Charon*, who, took us both into his Boat, and (as if the Devil had drove us,) brought us home in a few Minutes, where being rested (for a Month or so.) We shall Re-embark, for a *Third Vision of Hell*: --- And so I awak'd, extremely pleas'd that I was still alive, and amongst my Friends. And the Lord grant, I may never feel these Torments, in *Reality*, which I had now only seen in *Vision*.

FINIS.

Books Newly Printed.

The *Post-Angel*, Or, Universal Entertainment for *June*, Vol. 3d. To be continued Monthly; that for *July*, being now in the Press,

Books Newly Printed.

Press. Sold by *A. Baldwin*, in *Warwick-Lane*, where is to be had, the *First, Second & 3d. Volumes* compleat, or, any single Month, from *January, 1701* to this Time, Price of each 1 s.

The New Quevedo, Or, a Vision of *Charon's Passengers*, from the Creation of the World, down to this Present Year, 1702. With their Names, Qualities, and particular Crimes, Written, by the Author of the *Post-Angel*, Price 1 s.

The Second Part of the New Quevedo, Or, A Further Vision of *Charon's Passengers*, with their Names, Qualities, and particular Crimes, Price 1 s.

Petticoat Government, In a Letter to the Court Ladies, By the Author of the *Post-Angel*, Price 1 s. Sold by *E. Mallet*, near *Fleet-Bridge*.

The Perogative of the Arceobos, In a Letter, to the Sons of Men, being an answer to *Petticoat Government*, By a True Born Englishman, Price 6d. Sold by *A. Baldwin*.

There is now going to the Press.

The Third Part of the New Quevedo, (The *First*, and *Second Part*, having met with an Extraordinary kind Reception,) Or, A Further Vision of *Charon's Passengers*, with their Names, Qualities, and Particular Crimes, Price 1 s. This, when Printed will be Sold by *E. Mallet*, near *Fleet-Bridge*. Of whom is to be had *The First, and Second Part*, already Publish'd.